

# WESTERN UNION.

VOLUME I.

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## WESTERN UNION.

OFFICE ON BIRD STREET, BETWEEN FIRST AND MAIN.

TERMS OF THE WESTERN UNION.  
IN ADVANCE, \$1 50  
If not paid within Six Months, \$2 00

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### TO BUSINESS MEN GENERALLY.

ALL KINDS OF POSTERS AND BUSINESS CARDS, plain or in colors, printed at this office in good style, at low prices. Also, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, etc., etc.

### THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its last ray,  
Where, in his last, strong agony, a dying warrior lay,  
The stern old Baron Rodgier, whose frame had ne'er been bent  
By wasting pain, till time, and toil its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say my days of life are o'er,  
That I shall mount my noble steed, and lead my band 'no more';  
They come, and to my beard—they dare to tell me now, that I,  
Their own liege lord, and master born,—that I, had but must die.

"And what is death? I've dared him oft—before the Paynim spear,  
Think ye he's entered at my gate, has come to seek me here?  
I've met him, face him, scorn'd him, when the fight was raging hot,  
I'll try his might—I'll brave his power; defy, and fear him not.

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower,—and fire the culverin,—  
Arm each retainer—arm with speed,—call every vassal in,  
Up with my banner on the wa!—the banquet board prepare,—  
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armor there!"

An hundred hands were busy then,—the banquet forth was spread,  
And aing—the heavy oaken floor, with many a martial tread,  
While from the rich, dark tracery—along the vaulted wall,  
Lights—gleamed on harness, plume and spear, o'er the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate the mailed retainers poured;  
On thro' the portal's frowning arch, and throng'd around the board;  
While, at his head, within his dark, carved chair of state,  
Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudgier, with girdled falchion, sat.

"Fill every breaker up, my men, pour forth the cheery wine,  
There's life and strength—in every drop,—thanksgiving to the vine.  
Are ye all there, my vassals true? mine eyes are waxing dim—  
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim.

Ye'er there, but yet I see ye not. Draw forth each trusty sword,  
And let me hear, your faithful steel clash, once around my board;  
I hear it faintly—louder yet!—What clogs my heavy breath?  
Up all,—and shout for Rudgier, 'Defiance unto Death!'

Bow! rang to bowl—steel charged to steel,—and rose a deafening cry,  
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flag on high;  
Hot onwards, have ye left me to meet him here alone,  
But I defy him—let him come! Down rang the mazy cup,

While, from its sheath, the ready blade came flashing half way up,  
And, with the black, and heavy plume, scarce trembling on his head,  
There—in his dark, carved, oaken chair, Old Rudgier sat, dead.

Second prize story—from Sartain's Magazine.  
**THE OLD OWL OF THE ABBEY.**

BY THE REV. JAMES ARNOT, M'CILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL, CANADA.

"You Dick, take care of the old Abbey, and never mind about the bogles.—Them meshes is too big, man!—If thou hears a flickering among the daws, thou may be sure somebody else is there, and sound the 'shulel' (owl): be sure, lads, not to forget that, none o' ye, nor the auld slae quarry." And again he manifested sym-

ptoms of satisfaction with his own ingenuity in contriving a signal the least likely to be noticed by their watchful enemy in the vicinity of the old ruin. This signal consisted only of a strikingly natural imitation of the hooting of the owl, a bird which generally resorts to such places. It was for flight while that was practicable, and for defence when it was not.

"And see," the old man continued, "that Brutus don't get his supper till his night's work is over—Oh, aye, poor dog! I had forgotten he was killed. Where was my auld eyes that shouldn't have hit the dog I aimed at! but I'll nail him yet; maybe to-night!"

And a dark and fearful expression of savage ferocity overshadowed his thin and wiry visage, which seemed to cast a damp upon the spirit of the party, and for a moment all were silent; when he resumed in a more serious tone and manner, but evidently pursuing the train of thought he had thus been accidentally led into.

"Mind, lads, ye're none o' ye taken; fire first, and aim at the head or breast;—never mind that; ye may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb—aim high, lads!—yes! gie them a lead supper!" This was a favorite expression of his.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE SIGNAL.

As the clock in the neighboring church steeple tolled nine, the Dobsons all sallied forth like a band of fierce banditti; and certainly they were little better.

"They had to wind their way through a path so wild and romantic, and where so many awful sights had been seen, that few if any of them, hardy and fearless as they were, would have dared to traverse it alone at such an hour. As it was, more than one were startled with imaginary sights and sounds of fearful import.

After an hour's walk or so they reached the old Abbey without other accident. Here Dick was to keep his lonely watch, as this was the only point from which an attack could well be apprehended. After placing him there, and again reminding him of the signal, and the place of rendezvous, in case it should be necessary to give it, and pressing him not to forget or neglect to do so whatever might be his own danger, they dispersed, to pursue the object of their journey thither.

They had left him but a few minutes, ere they were alarmed by the well-imitated hooting of an owl, when all bent their way in eager and fearful haste to the slae quarry, anxious to learn the cause of this sudden alarm.

This was soon told. It appeared, according to their sentry's story, that he had distinctly seen Jack Bennet, brother of Lord L.—'s keepers,' standing with a gun in his hand in the great doorway of the old tower.

"Jack Bennet!" exclaimed two or three voices at once. "Jack Bennet never left his post, till he was carried feet foremost out of it!"

This, Dick, who was the youngest of the party, did not know, but it was more than enough to prevent him from returning to his post. And although others of them laughed at his silly and childish fears, as they were pleased to call them, yet not one but was unwilling under the pretence that he could be more usefully employed elsewhere, to assume his duty.

Jim, the oldest of the party, took no part in the conversation, but stood, pale and trembling, leaning against a ledge of rock, hardly conscious, apparently, of what was passing. He felt, he said, some sudden and acute pain across his chest, which had ceased, however, by the time that he was noticed by the rest.

It was now settled, as indeed nothing better could be done, that the old man himself, who was not afraid of either ghosts or bogles, should become their watchful sentinel; and they recommenced their work of depredation upon the noiseful of the hethery mountain-side, adjoining the Abbey's 'home' domain.

But in less than half an hour the same ho-o-o-o was heard again, as loudly and distinctly as before.

"Jack Bennet, again!" exclaimed Jim, and fell paralysed with terror to the ground, as if in a fainting fit.

His brother-in-law, who chanced to be near him at the moment, tried not to revive him, but actuated by a selfish fear for his own safety alone, left him in this helpless state, and hastened to the slae quarry, to add, by a recital of the circumstance, on his arriving there, to the consternation of the party.

The old man, however, when he reached the place, relieved them from all further apprehension by stating that the 'old owl' had taken it into her head this time to give the signal herself. And before the words were well out of his mouth, she repeated it in a longer and louder strain, when Jack Bennet's name, in a wild shout from the far-off hills, was heard again.

And well, too, was its import understood by more than one of that now terror-stricken party. Even the old sinner himself, hardened as he was, quailed and trembled, as that fearful name smote upon his ear.

This was too much, and could not longer be endured. The night's sport (!) was therefore abandoned, and their homeward journey was immediately commenced.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE DROWNED MAN.

During the portion of the night thus occupied by one party, there was another, to which I must now again refer, that was not idle.

Tom Smith, on arriving at Rosegill ford, dashed at once into the swollen flood, and with the aid of the dim light from the partially screened windows of Dobson's shop as his guide, he reached the opposite bank in safety.

On obtaining a firm footing there, he paused a moment to listen to the noisy rattle of their looms, but not a treadle was moving. It was possible, he thought, however, that it might be drowned in the roaring of the boiling cataract. And he could not get near enough to the house to ascertain this without running the risk of being discovered by their watchful dogs, if they and their masters were still at home. This he suspected, from the lights he saw in the house as well as in the shop, was really the case.

And as it was material to his ultimate purpose to determine this, and that beyond a doubt, he instantly thought of a plan to accomplish his object, and accordingly galloped off to carry it into effect.

Further up the valley, about half a league above the ford,—it might, indeed, be called the head of the valley,—was a mountainous ridge of rock extending entirely across from the high lands on one side, to those on the other;—no, not entirely, for there was a rent in the centre, as it formed by a earthquake, and this formed an outlet for the brook from another valley immediately above it.

Through this gap there was also a narrow road that had been cut out of the solid rock,—That is to say, the rent, which had been formerly occupied by the brook above, as it made only for its convenience, had been so much widened at the base of the precipice, on that side, as to render it more abrupt and perpendicular than it had originally been. And as this was the only road to the Abbey Manor, the Dobsons, as they really intended going there that night, must pass this way.

Smith's object, pursuant to the plan he had formed, was to gain the heights that overlooked this road, and await their coming. In doing so, a circuit of some distance had to be made, a circumstance which induced him to scramble up the narrow and rugged sheep-path, that led to them, with the more eager haste, lest he should be too late. And his fears were far from groundless; for he had no sooner sealed himself in a small chamber, tangled with weeds and brushwood, at the top of the precipice and on its very edge, than he saw five dark figures silently and stealthily gliding along the road, some forty or fifty feet beneath him; but their forms seemed so magnified in the dim starlight, as to appear, in his excited imagination, to be much nearer. One of their dogs, too, growled a little as they passed the pass, while the last of the party passed an instant as if to listen, and then passed on; but that instant was a fearful one to Smith. He was afraid, he said, to one of his comrades afterwards, that they would hear the very beating of his heart.

As soon as he was certain they were at a safe distance, he hastened to the house, where he was to meet his allies. Two only had arrived; these after waiting some time, he directed to meet him in an hour at the pass already mentioned, and then rode off beyond it in search of the others; not doubting that they would still have a long time to wait, before the return of the Dobsons' from their night's toil, when the fierce conflict that awaited them would ensue.

Time to their engagement, the men Smith had left arrived at the place of rendezvous somewhat within the time appointed. Here they met their other allies, of whom he had gone in search. These were at a loss to imagine how they could have missed him. They waited patiently some time, in momentary expectation of his return. Hour after hour passed away, adding apprehension and alarm to their surprise at his absence, yet still he came not.

It was odd, too, as the morning was beginning to dawn, that they had seen nothing of the poachers; a circumstance which gave a darker shade to the mystery they in vain endeavored to unravel.

"Was it possible," suggested one, "that they could have returned and met the 'keeper' a lone?"

"If they have," another replied, "by this time his wife's a widow!"

But this, they thought again, was hardly possible, as the night was so favorable for their purpose, and no one to molest them. But daylight, which was fast approaching, would clear up all.

In this conjecture, however, they were anything but correct, for in less than an hour after they had made it, Tom Smith's horse was seen grazing on the banks of the rivulet without his saddle, and with the bridle broken and entangled among his feet and shortly after, the lifeless body of his rider was found washed up on a ledge of rocks a little below the 'force.'

### CHAPTER V.

#### A 'PEASBONE' LIE.

The news—for anything that broke in upon the dull monotony that reigned with such unintermitted sway throughout that peaceful valley was considered as such—ran through the parish with the rapidity of a signal for a Highland gathering.

A good deal more importance was seemingly attached to this fatal accident than that which the drowning of almost any other person in the neighborhood would have been regarded.

Some hidden mystery, in men's minds, was evidently connected with it; for whenever they spoke of it, they reverted also to the fate of Jack Bennet, who had died rather suddenly the preceding autumn, from some hurt he had received in a scuffle with certain persons who were well known to be poachers. But the more reasonable would urge that, from all the circumstances which had transpired, they would hardly have been concerned in Smith's death, whatever they might have had to do with that of Jack Bennet.

The Dobsons did not join in the absorbing topic of conversation which had excited such deep and general interest. But their curiosity to all game-keepers, which they did not scruple to express, sometimes in the most violent and unmeasured terms, might have sufficiently accounted for their want of sympathy with the common feeling on this melancholy occasion; yet a dark cloud of suspicion seemed gathering over them.

On the evening of that ominous day, a coroner's inquest was held upon the body, when little if anything was elicited to increase or diminish the suspicions already entertained.

The deceased could not well have got to the ford, in crossing, which he appeared to have met his death, without returning through the pass where he saw the Dobsons, unless, when he left his comrades, he had gone in a direction very different from that which he intended; but he might have changed his purpose—who could tell?—or the Dobsons might have met him alone and compelled him to return,—or they might not have been out all the night. Smith, in his

lonely and fearful watch upon the precipice, might have mistaken another party for them.

There was one extraordinary circumstance, which, in their eager search for more unequivocal signs of violence upon the body, did not escape notice, although it tended only to involve their conjectures in a darker labyrinth of confusion: this was a slightly blackened mark round the ankles, as if a hand had tightly grasped them in his last agony.

The jury, after a brief consultation, brought in their verdict—"accidental death!"

This verdict, if it did not satisfy those who had been most forward in giving utterance to their suspicions in curses and denunciations upon the poachers.

About the time this melancholy occurrence took place, (whether owing to the feeling it occasioned or to the increasing wealth of the small laboring farmers around, which enabled them to purchase cloth of foreign manufacture, foreign at least to them—or to the real or supposed superiority of the weavers in other and more distant localities—or to whatever other cause), the custom of the Dobsons began visibly and alarmingly to decline, and the more severely they felt this, as the price of breadstuffs just then became much higher than usual.

Besides all this, one of their largest and most lucrative 'mole-catching' ranges was taken from them and given to another.

In a word, every man's hand seemed against them, and poverty and wretchedness had now marked them for their own.

The most violent and vindictive feelings were constantly breaking out into mutual recriminations among themselves. And these were embittered by the reflection that each member of this devoted family had contributed his share in bringing down upon it the full share of their misery, as they then thought it. But had they been able to turn aside even one fold of the dark curtain of fatality, and to obtain but a single glimpse into the dim vista beyond, they would have seen that their cup of woe was not yet full, and that they would have to drink it to its very dregs.

This state of things could not and would not last; some dreadful crisis was evidently approaching; probably an explosion which they might not all be equally interested in representing.

It was indeed, as the old woman herself had been able to say, a terrible, 'a fearsome' lie they held. Although, from the infinity that gave rise to the brutal designation, with which she was frequently saluted by her galled family, she was happily unconscious of half their lurking spite, yet was there enough that did rend her dull and despondent nerves to convince her that they led a 'fearsome' life.

As I am not pretending to give a detailed and succinct history of this family, but only of such of their doings as appear to be connected in some way or other with my story, I shall have to pass over a period of twenty years, and traverse not only the wide Atlantic, beyond the still vexed Bermoothes, but a considerable portion of the vast continent on this side of it, before I can proceed.

(Conclusion in next number.)

### FIRST WORK OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

The distinguished painter, sculptor and architect, Michael Angelo Buonarroti was born in Tuscany, in 1474. He was put out to nurse to the wife of a sculptor, and may therefore be said to have sucked sculpture in his very milk.

He entered the studio of Ghirlandajo at the age of thirteen and performed feats unequalled in the annals of art. He seldom had his work corrected, as his copy always surpassed the original. His master being a superior man himself, and capable of appreciating talent wherever found, encouraged his pupil in these developments of youthful excellence. Not so with his companions. They could not look upon their young rival with complacency, for genius of this character could not be suffered to exist in a land of thirteen years. Michel Angelo had therefore to endure their ill treatment.

Once our youthful artist took occasion to criticize the design of one of his fellow workmen, and thereupon he received such a blow from the exasperated man that it broke the cartilage of his nose, from which cause, it remained crooked through life.

One day Angelo entered the grounds of the Medici. He there beheld treasures of art, which Lorenzo the Magnificent had collected, such as he had never beheld before. Struck with their antique beauty, an instinctive jealousy prompted him, not only to imitate, but to excel these exquisite productions. Procuring a block of marble, he divested himself of his outer garments, and seizing a chisel and hammer, he began the outlines of a fam's head.

The studio of his former master was deserted by him to the no small gratification of his fellows, who rejoiced that they were at last rid of their detested and hated rival, whose only crime consisted in his surpassing talent.

One day as Michel Angelo was finishing his fam's head, a man of about forty, exceedingly plain in feature, and dressed with the greatest negligence, stopped opposite to him, and silently observed him as he worked.—Michel Angelo labored with anxiety without taking the slightest notice of the unknown, for whom he cared as much as for the dust that fell from his chisel.

When he had given the finishing stroke to his work the young man drew back, after the manner of artists in general, so as better to judge of the effect of his performance, with which he appeared perfectly satisfied. This was apparently the moment awaited by the silent spectator of the scene, who, slowly advancing, laid his hand on the young sculptor's shoulder.

"Friend," said he, with a slight smile, "will you allow me to make one remark?"

Michel Angelo turned round with assurance, and, an air combining contempt and insolence:

"A remark! You?" said he, slowly.

"Or, in other words, if you like it better, a criticism," continued the stranger.

"On my fam's head?"

"On your fam's head," quickly answered the unknown.

"And pray who are you, sir, who thus assume a right to criticize my labor?"

"It can matter little to you who I am, if my criticism is correct," said the stranger.

"And pray who is to decide between us which of the two is right?"

"Yourself; if you wish it."

"Well, sir, let us hear—speak!" and Michel Angelo, folded his arms with an air of defiance.

"Have you not intended to represent the grinning head of an old fam?" asked the stranger.

"Certainly—that is easy enough to be seen."

"Well," suggested the critic, smiling, "where did you ever see an old man with a perfect set of teeth?"

The young man reddened up to the eyes at this remark, and bit his lip with vexation. The criticism was a just one; and, waiting till his interlocutor had disappeared he took his chisel, and with a couple of blows he knocked out two of the fam's teeth; as it was now late he resolved to return the next day and put the finishing stroke to his work.

The following morning, at an early hour, Angelo repaired to the garden, but to his great surprise, his fam had disappeared, and in his place was posted the stranger of the day before.

"Where is my head?" angrily asked the young sculptor.

"It has been removed by my orders," quietly answered the unknown.

"And who are you, sir, who has thus dared to give orders in the gardens of Lorenzo the Magnificent?"

"Follow me, and you shall learn," said the stranger.

"I shall certainly follow you, and oblige you to return my fam's head."

"Perhaps you will be glad to let it remain where it is?"

"We shall see."

"We shall see."

The stranger took the way to the palace with the same tranquil manner, and was preparing to ascend the great stair case, when the young man seized his arm, with an exclamation between timidity and anger, said:

"Where are you going, sir? do you think to penetrate thus with impunity the apartments of the prince? Depend upon it we shall get turned out."

But the unknown without paying the slightest attention to what the young man said went on, and crossed the ante-chamber. The servants rose at his approach, and the guards saluted him with respect.

Michel Angelo followed, with increasing uneasiness.

"Can he hold some station in the palace?" thought he, rather uneasy at the idea; "in that case I am wrong in speaking so freely. Well, after all, my fam belongs to me, and he must return it to my work. At all events I can pay him for the marble."

The unknown traversed the gallery and the saloon without the slightest impediment.

"The devil!" thought Michel Angelo, "can he be the prince's secretary? If so, I shall be in a nice predicament, after my impertinence to him. Oh, what a blind fool I have been!"

The unknown now opened the door of a chamber regally furnished, and rich with objects of art of the greatest value.

The young sculptor paused on the threshold, speechless and trembling; his boldness had quite forsaken him, and he gave himself up as lost. He had certainly offended a person of immense power, when that person could so unceremoniously enter the private apartments of Lorenzo de Medici, without being so much as announced; as he endeavored to stammer forth a few words of apology, he raised his eyes, and, to his astonishment, beheld his fam's head resting on a rich pedestal.

"You see, my friend," said the unknown, in the same kind of tone, "that it I have removed your fam from the garden, it was but to put it in a more worthy place."

"But, good heavens!" exclaimed the young artist, assailed by a new terror: "will the prince say when he sees this wretched attempt of mine amongst so many precious objects of art?"

"The prince approves of it, and, as a proof of what I say, he extends to you his hand, in token of his approbation. Come my young friend will you not take it?"

"Any other would have fallen on their knees at the prince's feet, but Michel Angelo, moved even to tears, could only hang his head, while he cordially pressed the hand which was held out to him.

"From this day forth consider yourself as one of my family, my young friend," said the prince; "you shall work in my studio, you shall dine at my table, and be treated as my son. Go to my wardrobe, and let them give you a handsome violet mantle, equal to that worn on festive days by Peter and John of Medici."

"My lord," answered the young sculptor,

much affected, "before I accept your precious favors allow me to run to my father, that he may share my happiness; he disdains my love of art, and has turned me out of doors as a worthless and idle son; I would return to him humble and obedient. I know my father; though inflexible he is just; and perhaps, when he knows what has happened to me, instead of regretting it, he will have a right to be glad of my fault. And from this day forth I may proudly present myself, not only at home, but everywhere; for has not Lorenzo de Medici, the greatest man of his time conferred upon me the title of an artist?"

"This well my son," replied the prince; "return to your home and your father, and announce to him that my patronage shall be extended to all his family; and also that I permit to him to present himself, whenever he wishes, at the palace, to demand of me whatever office shall best suit his taste."

### Arrest of Capital Punishment.

Passing over Orange street, our attention was attracted to a boy who was climbing up a lamp-post, endeavoring to pass the end of a rope which was attached to the neck of a terrier dog, over the horse on which the lady-dogger rests his ladder when fighting the lamp. There were some half dozen ragged fellows around cheering him.

An old gentleman present, suspecting fool play, asked the little fellow what he was going to do to the dog.

"Hang the—sneaker, he's bin a murderer!" said the excited boy.

"Murthering what?" asked the old man.

"Why, Jackey Babcock's pet rat, what he coteled when they tore down the old building."

"Oh, don't hang him, for that, pleaded the old man; it's his nature to kill rats besides he looks like a good dog; if you wish to get rid of him, I'll take him along with me."

"Oh, it can't be did, daddy, he's an infernal scoundrel and the jury thought him in guilty, and he's got his sentence, and you can let your little I'll hang him."

"Why, our jury, them fellows sit on there on that cold bench—They tried him this mornin', and Bob Lane, lets sentenced him to be hung. That's right, and it fairly? It was all on the square—I was the lawyer against the dog, and Joe Reacher, once for hung him but his arguments was all knocked to thunder when I brought the murdered body inter court. It took em' all down. They all gave in that I was right. He went with a rusty nail, but as soon as he's dead he's with fifty cents, conder to law, at the City Hall, and we want the money for Fourth of July."

The old gent seemed surprised at the logic of the boy, but was about entering another plea for the condemned, when the scene was interrupted by the owner of the dog, (a stout Irishman,) who soon dispersed judge, jury and executioners, and rescued the trembling culprit.

**The Emperor Nicholas Checked.**—The Dog-ines or Western Caucasus have with a picked force of 25,000 men attacked the Russian entrenchment of the Chienia, and forced the Russians to retire beyond Themer. The contest was a very severe one, the Russians lost in killed and wounded being 5,000, including an unusual number of officers. All their transport wagons were put in requisition to remove the wounded. These Dagilee mountaineers are numerous and brave, and they boast of being well supplied in their mountain strongholds, and of being able to sustain the contest until the Russian invaders are driven out of their country.

**RECENT NEWS.**—John G. Saxo, of the Burlington (Vt.) Sentinel, perpetrates the following in reply to a subscriber, whose courtesy is not equal to Mr. Saxo's wit:

**To a Grumbling Subscriber.**  
A freecol patron of the Sentinel,  
Politely bids us "send the tale to hell!"  
A timely hint. 'Tis proper, we confess!  
With change of residence, to change the address,  
It shall be sent, if Charon's mail will let it,  
Where the subscriber will be sure to get it!

**THREE REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOTS GONE.**—Jonathan Olcott, of Hartford aged 83 years, Russell Miller, of Windsor, aged 92 years, and Thos. S. Bishop, of Avon, aged 90 years—all revolutionary pensioners, rode in the procession in this city on the Fourth of July. Before the month was ended, all three of them were in their graves. Honor to the names of the old patriots.—Hartford Times.

**SINGULAR DEATH.**—A gentleman was boiled to death, in a vapor bath, at Paris, a short time since, owing to his inability to close the valve by which the vapor entered. The bath keeper has been condemned to eight days imprisonment, and, what is far better, to pay the widow of the deceased 10,000 francs as damages.

A manuscript of the reign of Henry VI. contains the following:

Two wimen in one house,  
Two caters and one mowse,  
Two dogges and one bone,  
May never accord in one.

**A GRAVE JOKE.**—Some wags took a drunken fellow, laid him in a coffin, with the lid left so that he could easily raise it, placed him in the graveyard, and awaited to see the effect. After a short time the fumes of the liquor left him, and his position being rather confined, he burst off the lid, set bolt upright, and after looking around, exclaimed, "Well, I'm the first man that's riz, or else I'm confoundedly belated!"

Young man, do you know what relations you sustain to the world?" said a minister of our acquaintance to a young man of the church.—